THE
NATION

MARCH 1, 1958 . . 25c

WHY WE'RE LOSING the PROPAGANDA WAR

by John G. Schneider

DUAL STANDARD for CORRUPTION

by Frederic Meyers

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CASE of the OUT-DATED VICTIM

by Dan Wakefield

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LETTERS

What Will You Do?

Dear Sirs: In *The New York Times* of November 15, 1956, appeared a full-page dramatic statement headed "We Are Facing a Danger Unlike Any Danger That Has Ever Existed." Signed by the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, it pressed urgently for immediate cessation of nuclear tests by all countries.

My thought was: "Apathy in our time is as dangerous as the H-bomb itself." And with this thought in mind, I invited friends for cocktails, coffee and talk—enclosing a copy of the statement with each invitation. I also invited a representative of the National Committee.

The evening developed into a town meeting such as our forefathers must have held. When a speaker mentioned the plea of 9,000 world scientists for a ban on nuclear tests, a lawyer insisted this was no longer a matter for scientists alone, but for each of us. "Even if not another bomb is exploded," a mathematics teacher quoted from a statement by Japanese scientists, "the continuing fall-out over Japan . . . will be beyond the AEC safety estimates." A stillness gripped the room, to be broken moments later by the wife of a student: "If we want peace, we must work for it. Can't we all open our living rooms for grass-roots discussions such as this? Let's invite a scientist, and our Congressman, to meet with us and our neighbors; let's each of us become a link in a chain reaction for peace."

Her words released a flood of suggestions, and what we did immediately was to contribute out of our own pockets for the statement which appeared on pages 162 and 163 of last week's *Nation* (issue of February 22). Only a few days before, the same ad had been placed in our neighborhood paper, the *West Side News*, by a local citizens' group, the West Side Committee. With the ad, the publisher ran a front-page feature story and a powerful editorial entitled, "What Will You Do?"

We need a new crash program for decency. *What will you do?*

EVA NEWMARK

New York City

Preaching the Word

Dear Sirs: How naive to speak of the "final results" of the Billy Graham New York crusade [*The Nation*, February 8, editorial comment on page 110]. Many far less erudite than the editors of *The Nation* know that the final result of a great spiritual effort cannot be translated into cold facts and tabulated by *The New York Times*—nor will they be known before the Day of Judgment. "He who sows bountifully shall reap bountifully," the *Times* survey, *The Nation* and ecclesiastical prognosticators notwithstanding.

Billy Graham preached the Word as he was commanded. Whom are you accusing of failure? Who is it that gives the increase?

(MRS.) BEATRICE L. PAULSON

Foley, Minnesota

These Goofy Times

Dear Sirs: *The Nation*, for forty years my favorite magazine, deserves wide praise for its recent satires on this looney world. Strongfellow Barr's gentle spoofing in your January 25 issue, and now Carl Dreher's delightful contribution to sanity in the issue of February 1.

Let us have more of this kind. It makes living in these goofy times more enjoyable.

EARL T. ANDERSON

Los Altos, California

Honoring Dr. DuBois

Dear Sirs: Every friend of Dr. DuBois will be eternally grateful to *The Nation* for the article on him which appeared in the issue of January 25. W. E. B. DuBois is one of the world's elect and to his protean endowment this and future generations owe a debt of gratitude difficult to repay.

But we can requite this debt—in part at least—by making it possible for every aspect of his work to go forward unhampered. Two remaining books of his trilogy, *The Black Flame*, only await the necessary funds for publication; many of his great works are now out of print and await republication; publication of his current work must be assured—and an autobiography is in preparation.

To honor his ninetieth birthday, a Sunday afetrnoon reception will be held at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York on March 2, when a purse will be presented to him. Our joint contributions, be they large or small, will open—and keep open—a Pandora's box of riches which will make Dr. DuBois and his work known to thousands more. Contributions—and reservations for the reception—may be sent to The DuBois Fund, 100 W. 23rd Street, New York City.

MURIEL I. SYMINGTON

New York City

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The Nation, Mar. 1, 1958. Vol. 186, No. 9

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1958, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1958
VOLUME 186, NUMBER 9

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Confidence in What?

Stripped of non-essentials, the Administration's program for coping with the recession consists of three tactical maneuvers: "to build up confidence" by brisk, frequent, optimistic statements carefully orchestrated for effect; to make additional money—an estimated $500,000,000—available for commercial and industrial loans by reducing the reserves required to be held against demand deposits; and in the meantime, to maintain a "wait and see" attitude (until mid-April, at least) in the hope that "the crisis of confidence" will dissipate. But the only confidence that the program has aroused is a general confidence that it will not be enough. The day after the President predicted an upturn by March, the stock market took a dip. No lines have formed to apply for commercial and industrial loans; on the contrary, time deposits are up and industrial loans are down—by $100,000,000 since the first of the year, nearly twice the decline in the comparable period for last year. Nor have such vaguely-voiced expedients as new post-office construction or increased highway and defense spending reversed the current state of mind.

But this is not to imply that the public is wholly lacking in confidence. Editorial surveys would indicate that the public is confident that the Administration has not done enough, but that it would never "allow" so much as a significant pause in the boom. In a word, the public has confidence that the current recession need not, and should not, be permitted to turn into a major depression. This confidence is a favorable factor in itself; it did not exist in 1929, much less in 1932. But it will only be justified if the politicians, recognizing what the public expects of them, present programs based on today's economic realities. If the Administration fails to sustain this confidence, the public mood in the distressed areas could turn ugly and desperate quicker than you can say Herbert Hoover.

The Investigation Versus the Issue

On the day that Senator Lyndon Johnson, brushing ambitious colleagues aside, took possession of the committee set up to investigate problems of space exploration, Vice President Nixon, speaking in Pasadena, took possession of the issue that space research and development must be subject to civilian control. "Scientists," he said, "must not be limited by military needs and military training . . . It is also tremendously important to the foreign policy of the United States that the emphasis [on outer-space research and development] be shifted to the concept of science for peace, rather than science for war." Skill in parliamentary maneuver is not to be confused with the kind of skill that candidates for national office must possess if they are to succeed; a roll-call is not an election. Senator Johnson can now go forward with what may well turn out to be the longest and most tiresome of Congressional investigations, while the Vice President waltzes away with the issue. The Johnson committee is certain to transgress many carefully-guarded Washington preserves—atomic energy, defense, foreign policy; and the voters will remain ignorant of how Senator Johnson feels about civilian versus military control until the investigation is concluded and the final report presented. In the meantime, Mr. Nixon will be campaigning.

The Need for Irregulars

With no encouragement whatever from the Republican leadership of Pennsylvania, Harold Stassen has resigned as special adviser to the President to seek the gubernatorial nomination at the May 20 primary. Shortly afterward, Richardson Dilworth, Philadelphia's able mayor, miffed by the refusal of influential party leaders to support his candidacy, announced that he will not seek the Democratic nomination for the same office. Both men have this at least in common: nationally and locally their views on certain key issues lack official party sanction. Mr. Stassen's views on disarmament are known to be more flexible than those of Mr. Dulles; it is no secret that he was "eased out." Mr. Dilworth favors the recognition of China, a position that is abhorrent to Joseph M. Barr, the State Democratic Chairman, Mayor David L. Lawrence of Pittsburgh and other influential party leaders, and which has yet to win approval by the national leadership. It is a pity that Mr. Dilworth did not elect to carry his candidacy

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directly to the rank and file of the Democratic Party. For as it is, Republican votes in Pennsylvania will be given a chance, thanks to Mr. Stassen's effrontery, to express a preference on a major issue in the primary, whereas Democrats will be denied a chance to override the machine leaders on recognition of China.

If advocates of unofficial views on key issues are to be bluffed out of entering primaries by an entrenched leadership, then primary elections will become personality contests and not tests of policies and principles. While it would be odd if Pennsylvania elected as its chief executive a man best known for having served three terms as governor of another state, we can only hope that Mr. Stassen's limitations as a candidate will not prejudice a fair hearing for his views on disamament. By the same token, Mr. Dilworth's unfortunate decision to abandon the Democratic primary will, we hope, not prejudice the case for prompt recognition of China. As Madison Avenue might put it, Pennsylvania, like other states, needs more irregulars to raise key issues up the flagpole to see just who salutes.

The Itch to War

The spirit of Pickwick does not die, for all the fallout of hate and bitterness in our atmosphere. It lives today in the breast of one Peter J. Schenk, president of the Air Force Association and a physicist at Tempo, General Electric's long-range missile-planning project on the West Coast. Dr. Schenk also collects butterflies, which is the important key to him.

He proposes—and he is in a position to carry his proposals into the rendezvous of the high brass—that our military guardians turn for a moment from exclusive preoccupation with nuclear deterrents and develop some weapons of "subtlety, discrimination and persuasion." These would include itching powder, laughing gas and noise machines of high volume and exquisite irritability. Dr. Schenk argues that it is not essential—particularly in the peripheral or "brush-fire" war—to destroy the opposing army or the territory it occupies. It may be sufficient to divert the enemy troops with a variety of local irritants, thus frustrating their aggressive zeal until such time as cool heads can effect a *détente*. A soldier who goes into battle giggling hysterically and pawing through his battle dress to scratch his quivering ribs is not a formidable opponent and scarcely needs to be stopped by an intercontinental missile armed with a nuclear warhead.

Like all great eccentrics, Dr. Schenk has a gift for getting to the heart of the matter. It may be true, he says, that the Strategic Air Command "is our police force"; but its weakness as an arm of law and order is that its only deterrent is the electric chair. Dr. Schenk goes a good way to restore our faith in the humor and humanity of mankind.

Battlefield of Human Rights

The National Conference of Christians and Jews has honored *The Nation* with a Certificate of Recognition for the article, Montgomery Morning, written by Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely, and published by this magazine on January 5, 1957. The article dealt with the morning the bus boycott ended in Alabama's capital—a morning marking the fact that, in the authors' words, "an era as well as a year had come to an end." Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely are man and wife who sometimes write separately and sometimes in collaboration; both are Tennesseeans, and belong to that growing group of white Southerners who believe that the only supremacy worth fighting for in the South, or anywhere else, is the supremacy of right. The accolade that the NCCJ has bestowed upon *The Nation* belongs to them—or, even more properly, perhaps, to the Negroes who brought the morning to Montgomery.

Apropos of honors, *The Nation's* editors have additional reason for satisfaction. Of the seven writers recently added to the membership of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, four have appeared, at one time or another, in these pages: Arthur Miller, Kay Boyle, Saul Bellow and Albert Guérard. All of these are writers with a strong sense of social responsibility; and if the honor awarded Miss Boyle touched us most closely, it is only because she has written for us so frequently of recent years, and fought alongside us for so long a time, on the battlefield of human rights.

The Moles

A new item has appeared in the long series of ideas and events which fall under the heading of what C. Wright Mills has labeled "crackpot realism." Latest word comes via the West Virginia Business and Industrial Bulletin, published by the West Virginia Industrial and Publicity Commission. The bulletin announced in part:

> A campaign to interest defense industries in taking a good look at limestone areas in West Virginia as possible sites for underground plants was revealed by Governor Underwood. . . . The program, as outlined by the Governor, centers on the limestone areas in the state's Eastern mountain section [which] has a limestone stratum, largely horizontal, for the most part one hundred feet or more in thickness. Facilities there, the Governor said, would be available for peacetime production, but could be converted to defense purposes without interruption even in the face of enemy bombs or long-range missile attack. The area is protected by mountains and though distant from any critical target areas, is still near to principal markets and large population centers.

Climate, resources and natural beauty are now old-fashioned attractions. Our newest "realistic" appeal is the promise of burrowing underground.

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Dual Standard for Corruption . . *by Frederic Meyers*

THE McClellan Committee has revealed that some labor leaders have misused their positions of power to profit selfishly at the expense of their constituencies. No one denies that something ought to be done to halt such reprehensible practices. But the brutal fact is that while the conduct of these men may fall far short of what society and the labor movement expect of them, it is generally quite consistent with that of the business community. The basic trouble with the labor movement is that it has been infiltrated by the businessman's code of ethics.

Consider two officers of Corporation X, the one its sales manager and the other its industrial-relations director. The sales manager sends, at the expense of the corporation, a $150 gift to the purchasing agent of a prospective customer. No one would think twice about the offer of this gift, or its acceptance; it is standard business practice to "butter up" the potential buyer with a gift. But suppose (it rarely happens) that Corporation X's industrial-relations director sent a $150 gift to the business agent of the union which represents the corporation's workers. If the gift were accepted (and nine times out of ten it would be refused), there would be new grist for some Congressional committee's mill and new demands for legislation to "clean up" the labor movement.

Yet in both instances the purpose is identical: the gifts are offered to bribe the recipient to act more favorably toward the corporation. The purchasing agent, in accepting the gift, is either accepting personally something which belongs to his stockholders—obviously the gift is given to the office, not the man—or is robbing his stockholders by placing an order where he might otherwise not do so. In the case of the business agent accepting the gift, it is easy to see who ultimately may have to pay the bill.

A second example: suppose that I am one of a million members of the United Automobile Workers, and also one of a million stockholders in General Motors. I present myself at the offices of my union and demand to know in detail what is being done with my dues money, and am told that I cannot have access to anything other than the reports made through the usual channels. The next day, I present myself at the general offices of the General Motors Corporation, and demand to know in detail what is being done with my investment, and receive the same answer. Again, one case makes headlines when I testify to it before a Congressional committee; the other case is ignored simply as the way business operates.

A third example: a corporation gives to its executives stock options enabling them to buy corporation stock at less than market price. The executives can sell either the options or the stock at a profit. The executives who ordered the distribution of the options are, of course, among those who will benefit. But their benefit is at the expense of the corporation, which could have sold the stock to the public at a higher price. Similarly, a union builds a home for one or more of its officers, which it subsequently repurchases. The union officers deciding to do this are among the officers who benefit at the expense of the membership. Yet the stock is regarded merely as one way of beating the tax collector; the union's transaction is considered corrupt.

THESE transactions, and others like them, are reprehensible. It is a profound compliment to the labor movement that so few occur within its ranks that they arouse widespread indignation when they are uncovered.

These comments are made, not to minimize the findings of the McClellan Committee, but rather to point to the wide ramifications bound to be involved when specific labor legislation is drafted. Unionism and collective bargaining are inextricably interwoven into our business life—so much so that union leaders all too often act like businessmen. And when union activity is touched by legislation, the usual activities of business enterprise may be equally affected.

It is easy enough to imagine instances. Health and welfare funds, in individual cases, have been subject to various forms of corruption. One of them consists of the payment of unearned commissions to relatives of union officials for placing insurance policies provided by certain welfare funds. Suppose the payment of commissions "for work not performed or not to be performed" (the anti-featherbedding language of the Taft-Hartley Act) was made unlawful by federal statute. Such a provision might undermine a considerable body of state legislation, having nothing to do with labor matters, which commonly *requires* the payment of commissions on the writing of insurance business even though no broker or agent is involved. Or, to put the case somewhat differently, no one has proposed *federal* legislation to prevent a slick insurance operator from robbing the Texas labor movement blind again, as has recently happened. Yet federal legislation does seem in the offing to prevent a union official from stealing from the welfare funds of his union, and such legislation might easily be extended to cover in some measure the first kind of case.

FINANCIAL corruption is one problem; corruption of union democracy is another and closely related one. Here also higher standards are demanded of the labor movement than of other institutions. How much real difference is there, for example, between the casting of votes of a local union by maintaining a national union trusteeship, and the temporary transfer of stock in the New York Central from the Alleghany Corporation to two friends of Robert R. Young for purposes of voting in a struggle for control? No labor union officer is as oligarchically entrenched as the executives of A.T.&T. In fact, the "people's capitalism" of widespread stock ownership assures executive power without responsibility. Curtis Sims was removed from the Executive Board of the Bakery

FREDERIC MEYERS is on the faculty of the University of Texas.

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Workers Union for his opposition to the entrenched political machine. In July, 1956, certain duly elected delegates to the convention of the Texas Democratic Party were denied seats by the entrenched machine because of their opposition to Senator Johnson and Governor Daniel; at the same time, representation on the State Democratic Executive Committee of certain areas was hand-picked by the Daniel-Johnson forces to assure their control of the party machinery. Johnson himself was seated in 1948 by the U.S. Senate despite clear evidence of corruption in his election, which turned on a matter of less than a hundred votes. Federal legislation is now proposed to assure workers of their right to representation by officers of their choice. But the standards of conduct we require of politicians and businessmen are so much lower that no one proposes federal legislation of anything like the same degree of stringency to assure stockholder representation, or even political party member representration, by officers of their choice. Again, this seems to me to be the highest kind of compliment to the labor movement.

IT IS TO be hoped that society and the labor movement itself will continue to hold unions to these traditional high standards. It is to be hoped that these standards will become applicable also to the business and political worlds. And in each case, it is to be hoped that the application of these standards will not be such as to endanger the potential maximum social contribution of the institutions involved.

One may hold with some validity that honesty and democracy are of greater social importance in the labor movement than in the business, if not the political, world. Certainly it is relatively easy for the individual stockholder—unlike the union member—to withdraw his participation from a particular enterprise. Furthermore, the ordinary stockholder expects nothing but dividends from his participation, while the union member is deprived of many important non-material values when his union is corruptly run.

But, as the experience of the labor movement indicates, the ethical values of a business society cannot be confined. They permeate the whole fabric of the community. "Business-like" is a complimentary term and, before the recent exposures, Dave Beck was highly regarded by much of the community for his business-like management of the Teamsters Union. His mistake was in carrying too far his imitation of many businessmen. How many ex-businessmen in government, when discovered with conflicts of interest not unlike those of Hoffa, protested that this was the way that business was run, and that they saw nothing wrong in what they were doing?

So, quite apart from all other reasons, corruption in the business world must be controlled as a "germ carrier" which threatens our whole society.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER has proposed a series of measures intended to mitigate the problem of financial and political corruption in the labor movement. With respect to financial corruption, the President has proposed three basic steps. The first proposal requires full reporting of all health, welfare and pension funds to the Department of Labor, the accounts to be open to public inspection. The accounting would be required whether the funds are administrated by unions, employers or both. (It should be noted that most of the abuses so far discovered have been in plans jointly administered by unions *and employers*, under a provision of the Taft-Hartley Act which requires employer participation in the administration of plans to which employers contribute.)

This proposal seems to me to be wholly unobjectionable; indeed, the principle should be extended. Worker policy-holders should be protected against fraud by law, and in the current instance, federal law seems to be the only adequate kind of protection. But in Texas, during the last few years, worker and non-worker policy-holders alike were defrauded of huge sums of money by commercial insurance companies. Interstate competition to attract the insurance industry has made only partially effective state efforts to regulate the industry. Federal legislation should require full accounting and disclosure of the funds of all insurance-type funds, whether their beneficiaries are solely the employees of certain employers or not.

The second proposal made by the President is directed against improper financial relationships between employers and union officers. Employers would be forbidden to make payments to union officials except as authorized by law, and they also would be required to report all financial dealings with union officials and unions. It would be made a criminal act for an employer or a union official to give or receive payments intended improperly to influence the actions of the other. This proposal, at least in general terms, is also completely unobjectionable. Corporations

and unions are institutions of great public import, and their activities should all be in a goldfish bowl. And bribery in any form, by anybody, should be criminally punishable. Drafting the legislation so as to prevent improper payments while allowing perfectly proper ones is no easy task, but it can and should be done, for the protection of both workers and stockholders.

In fact, the legislation should be made more general. Union and corporation officials should be required to report *all* payments made to *anyone* except for goods or services necessary to the discharge of the union's or corporation's functions. The prohibition of improper payments as between union and corporation officials is necessary to protect not only the union member, but the stockholder as well. And stockholders should be protected against other forms of abuse. Gifts and expensive entertain-

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ment, as well as outright bribes or kickbacks, indulged in by corporation officials enrich the official at the expense of the stockholder and should be forbidden. They are intended bribery even if they are tax deductible for the giver. A first step toward honesty in this respect might be for the Internal Revenue Service to check the receivers of corporate "gifts" in kind to determine whether they have been reported as taxable income.

The third of the President's proposals would require detailed reporting and accounting of union funds, with a further provision that such accounts be available for the inspection of members. Under Taft-Hartley, unions are required to file certain financial reports with the federal government, and to certify that these reports have been made available to members. In essence, unions covered by this provision already have the same obligation to members as corporations have to stockholders—that is, to make some kind of report. I would agree that this is not enough. All members should have a right of access to the records of their unions, just as all stockholders should have a right of access to the records of their corporations. This right should be limited only in such fashion as to protect the record-keeping and accounting process itself, so that both corporations and unions can perform this function without substantial and continued interruption by purposeless visits of constituents.

THE PRESIDENT has also proposed certain measures designed to protect the internal democracy of unions.

These provide for the reporting of detailed information concerning the constitutions, by-laws and procedures of unions, and require proof that members have both a right and an opportunity to elect local officers by secret ballot not less than once every four years, and a similar right with respect to superior officers, either directly or by election of representatives to delegate bodies. Such a provision in the law, though harmless, would probably be ineffective. Any good politician knows that laws protecting the secrecy of the ballot and the opportunity to vote are not sufficient to prevent the development of corrupt political machines. This is even truer in the case of one-party government. And the labor movement is almost universally characterized by one-party (or no-party) government.

There are quite good reasons for labor's "one-party" structure. Unlike unions in most of the rest of the world, American unions are undivided on the basic question of their role in society, and almost unanimously accept the basic institutional framework of free enterprise. In this country, virtually all union leaders and members conceive the central function of their organizations to be collective bargaining. There are, therefore, no permanent issues upon which political parties can be built inside the labor movement. The only issues upon which union elections can be fought are those that arise over the question of which individual or group of individuals is best able to perform the agreed function. "Me-tooism" is necessarily ubiquitous in the labor movement, and, as many politicians justly complain, "me-too-ism" is destructive of an effective two-party system.

CLARK KERR, in a very illuminating discussion of these problems recently published by the Fund for the Republic, suggests that to preserve union democracy, the essential requirement is that it should be possible for opposition factions to form and "wait in the wings" for the possibility of "competitive discharge" of inefficient, unresponsive or corrupt leadership. No legislation can assure the formation of such opposition factions. Legislation can only protect an opposition from discrimination or retaliation and, possibly, assure the honesty of elections, so that when the political opportunity for discharging leadership by the election process appears, the will of the membership will not be vitiated.

Unions cannot insist upon the right to negotiate compulsory union-membership agreements, or object to ready procedure for decertification of their representation rights, and at the same time maintain complete autonomy over their internal affairs.

Once the power of individual or collective withdrawal is limited, effective internal democracy is the only remaining check upon internal autocracy or corruption. The society and the individual are entitled to such protection as the law can provide against abuses of the individual and perversions of the useful social functions of unions. And the fact that abuses are rare is no real argument. Murder is rare, and would be even were there no law against it, but no one would argue that murder should not be unlawful.

The caveat I would offer, however, is that legislation is unlikely to alter the situation materially. From what I know of the teamsters, they would have elected Hoffa to office even in a completely unrigged convention.

Unions are in fact quasi-public bodies with tremendous power. That power is ordinarily exercised in accordance with the proper, useful and legitimate functions of unions. But as powerful, non-private organizations, they should be subject to such regulations as will protect the society and the individual against occasional abuse.

President Eisenhower's proposals in respect to prevention of financial and political corruption, insofar as they have been discussed here, do not seem to me to be unduly harsh or ill-considered. They would hold the labor movement to standards not required of other groups in society, especially business and businessmen. But this is no argument against their application to the labor movement. It is an argument for their more general application.

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Why We're Losing the Propaganda War . . *John G. Schneider*

THE guy says to me, "If you had the job of directing American propaganda—"

"No, thanks," I interrupted hastily. "I'm not *that* hungry."

I was thinking that as propaganda boss a fellow would have to send out to the rest of the world carloads of dreary "truth"; he'd have to paint pretty pictures of the works and ways of old Diehard Dulles; he'd have to do the impossible. And may God have mercy on his tormented soul.

"Look," the guy says, "I'm not asking you to believe that all's for the best in this best of all possible nations—although we agree that on balance it probably is the best of existing national societies. Certainly the United States at its worst is preferable to the Welfare State as typified by England, the Chaos State of France, the old Corporate State of Mussolini, the Great Beast State of Hitler or the Unspeakable State of the Communists. Agreed? Good. So we admit that our product isn't very good, even though it's the best available. We're just assuming that you have this job to do. Your client is not only the government, it's also the people, culture, economy of the United States—the works. Your immediate assignment is to turn the tide in the propaganda war. We've been losing: you tell us how we start winning."

"But I've got no 'expertise' on the subject."

"Who has?"

The guy had me there. Who has? "I'll give it some thought," I said lamely. And I did. A lot of thought. Conclusion: negative.

There simply is no solution to our propaganda dilemma, not unless (a) there should occur a sudden miraculous, impossible, across-the-board improvement in our government, economy, educational system and cultural level, or (b) we should—unthinkably!—silence the press in order to make possible use of what the guy calls "Madison Avenue techniques." It's an unpleasant view from here, but we might as well face it. We can't win a propaganda war with the Soviets. However, we can do better than we've done—and hope the opposition will blunder itself over onto the losing side.

It might be helpful to consider why we're losing and they're winning, and what unattainable desiderata would give our propagandists a fighting chance. As a starting point, we might try to figure what it is that gives to Soviet propaganda its undeniable high potency.

SIMPLE! Soviet propaganda has what public-relations men and admen call a "pitch" — a direction. Everything that's poured into the propaganda funnel, everything from statistics to sputniks, comes out as part of the pitch. The Soviets have analyzed their market, and shrewdly. They found that the whole, big, neurotic world wants *peace*. So peace is the first part of the one-two propaganda pitch. But great areas of the world, notably in Asia and Africa, also desperately want *progress* — in technology, manufacturing, agriculture, power development, transportation. Moreover, they want this progress *communally*, not for the enrichment of capitalists.

So the Soviets plug peace for everybody, but especially for Europe, and full bellies and electric lights for Asia and Africa. It's a solid propaganda pitch, and it works. Even the peace-angle works, despite the massive weight of evidence indicating that Russia is about as peace-loving as was Hammering Henry Armstrong in his savage prime.

We have no pitch and we need one. Not a slogan, mind you, not an endlessly repeated sales spiel. What we need is a propaganda policy which will enable us to use almost every conceivable kind of material to support and sustain the policy.

Demonstrably, we've been doing badly without such a pitch. We've operated, or so we've been told, from a pious premise which holds that the best propaganda is simply to "tell the truth." Which is naiveté carried to the point of absurdity. Telling the truth—to the extent that we have—has kept us on the defensive, busy replying to charges made against us, and it has so dispersed and diluted our propaganda words that they have come to mean anything and nothing.

What should the American pitch be? At this point, let us turn to market analysis. The question is, what does the rest of the world want us to be? Peaceful, of course: which we are, though we seldom show it. We need not concern ourselves with the "progress" which is an imperative for the Soviets: natives in the most remote Indian villages know that we're just awfully good at making automobiles and stuff; they know, too, that they were getting dams and power plants from us long before the Russians got into the act. I submit that what both our allies and the uncommitted nations want us to be, first of all, is a *mature*, hence a responsible, power. In all the long years of Britain's world leadership there never was any question about her maturity and responsibility. She was usually greedily exploitative, often aggressive, frequently dead wrong—but always she was respected as a proper leader of nations. We aren't.

SO IF I were bossing propaganda—and once again, heaven forbid!—I'd try to sell the United States as a peaceful and mature national society. *Peace* and *maturity*, then. A good, solid pitch but, as has been noted sadly, impossible. It would require first some impossibly heroic deeds to give this propaganda a fighting chance. Let's see. First, speaking of *Peace*:

The Army, Navy and Air Force would have to cease operating as huge talent agencies vigorously promoting their top brass to any radio or television program which will have them. And damn near every program does have them, in droves. Daily,

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hourly, the generals and admirals are on the air bickering and bragging, bidding, doubling and redoubling. Inevitably, the most sensational and irresponsible of their comments get into the channels of international communications. This is the voice of a peace-loving nation? Hah! It would be a great day for American propaganda if someone would tell all those military-theatrical hams to shut up and go back to work.

And wouldn't it be wonderful if Mr. Dulles should manfully disengage himself from that attitude which had its origin in his political campaign speeches of 1952? Thence flowed such non-peaceful propaganda as "massive retaliation" and "brink of war" and "unleashing Chiang" and "liberation." Mr. Dulles alone makes it almost impossible for American propaganda to use a peace pitch.

But he is aided and abetted by the military and the press in the hysterical overemphasis on weapons development. To an observer overseas it must seem that skies over the United States are black with missiles and rockets, with ICBM's, IRBM's and presumably BMT's and IRT's. Scores and hundreds of unrestrained news items about launchings, delayed launchings, attempted launchings, projected launchings. Is it really front-page news when one or another of the warring services announces with appropriate fanfare that it has successfully launched the first rocket stage of an experimental three-stage missile? Small wonder if the observer overseas concludes that these Americans are missile-mad and rocket-rabid. (Note that the same observer gets no such impression of the Soviet Union, which frugally saves its news for an awe-inspiring speech by Khrushchev or an awesome fact such as sputnik.)

Finally — although it would be easy to go on and on—the American citizenry itself makes it rough for the propagandist who's trying to picture Uncle Sam as a peace-loving character. The citizenry, and its elected representatives, reacted semi-hysterically to the completely hysterical editorials which followed close on the flying heels of the sputniks. What the world heard was a cacophony of hypochondriac voices screaming: five billions . . . crash program! . . . ten billions . . . control of space is control of the world! . . . thirty billions . . . fifty thousand engineers, right away! . . . fifty billions . . . a couple thousand submarines armed with nuclear rockets! . . . eighty billions . . . we gotta get to the moon ahead of the Russians, we gotta! . . . 100 billions . . . billions, billions, billions.

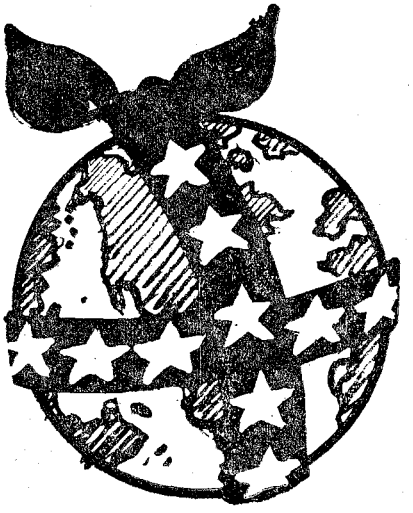
I said to the guy, "Look, do not even these few examples prove that it's impossible for American propaganda to convince the rest of the world (always excluding the USSR and satellites) that America is in truth a peace-loving nation? Thank you. Knew you'd see it my way."

Now let's consider what we're up against when we try to propagandize America as a mature, hence an emotionally stable, intellectually adequate and trustworthy *leader* of the free world.

And, oh, dear!—how can others see us as anything other than a childish, rich, uneducated, excitable, headstrong, quarrelsome, spoiled brat of a nation?

Are America's ugly and discriminatory immigration policies those of a mature and enlightened society? No.

Is it a mark of maturity to have Radio Free Europe constantly needling the satellite peoples—as the Hungarians bitterly alleged—when there is absolutely no chance of "liberation" in the foreseeable future, and when existence itself may depend on reducing frictions and irritations between the two colossi, Russia and America? No.



Is it the wisdom of maturity which insists that old islander Chiang Kai-shek is the logical and only representative of the Chinese people? No.

These are the things which make a propagandist wish he'd stuck to popularizing soap or plugging Broadway shows. But there are even bigger obstacles. For example, I'm informed in reply to an inquiry that yes, our propagandists do still promote the concept of "free, competitive enterprise" as basic in the American economy. Now this is ridiculous. In the first place, it isn't true, and in the second, even if it were it would be thoroughly bad propaganda.

CONSIDER. Almost all of the world, including the United States, simply does not want a competitive, "free enterprise," capitalist economy. Smacks too much of the bad old days of exploitation, colonialism, want and fear. Therefore our propaganda would be much more palatable if it told the truth. So long as there is no competition in either prices or wages, ours is *not* a competitive economy. In all basic industries we have the administered price—and we're *almost* given over to what might well be called the administered wage. We're not "competitive," nor are we "free enterprise," or capitalist. What we have is a union-management corporative economy, and we should come right out and say so. It might be good news to those nations which are shopping the non-capitalist markets, looking at communism, socialism, welfare state-ism and other forms of economic organization. The United States appears rather childish to be still going for the old, discredited capitalism stuff —it's as if a great, hulking man went about prating that he still believes in Santa Claus.

Then there is the stubbornly held, and far too often voiced, conviction that the United States is a "Christian nation." This Big Lie thunders from political platforms, from the floors of House and Senate, from all manner of sources whence it is sure to get into world-wide circulation. Which is too bad. After all, Christians make up a tiny minority among the peoples of the earth. And it would be very good propaganda if

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we should explain to Moslems, Jews, Buddhists and atheists that the United States is *not* Christian. Specifically and categorically. The Constitution says so. And never has this nation seemed so mature, so wise, as when the framers of the Constitution put religion in its place.

Well, occasionally the poor propagandist gets a break. We've shown some remarkable maturity in sending abroad as representatives of American culture such admirable artists as Marian Anderson and the *Porgy and Bess* company. At the same time the propagandist would wish, but wistfully and knowing the futility of it all, that somehow America could reduce its booming export of rock 'n roll, ambulatory supermarkets, bodies beautiful, Cohn & Schine, lush-living military officers, prize-fighters, semi-literate and bad-mannered tourists, vacuous TV shows and Billy Graham.

See? I told the guy there just wasn't any solution to our propaganda problem. Any fool could tell him why we're losing: there's nobody, nobody, to tell him how to win.

CASE of the OUT-DATED VICTIM . . *by Dan Wakefield*

We've got to wrap it up.
—Arthur Kahn, Law Officer of the New York City Board of Higher Education

THE PHENOMENON called "McCarthyism," as everyone knows, had long and securely been buried by the spring of 1957. The newspapers, magazines and public prophets had said so many times. Surely then, a scholar and professor of Renaissance Literature who had marched in a May Day parade in 1937 and attended a picnic which also was attended by faculty members who later were found to be Communists, had little to fear from such shadows of the past when the telephone rang on the afternoon of May 30, 1957, and a voice at the other end announced itself as the Law Officer of the Board of Higher Education.

The officer told the professor that the Board was going to meet that night to reach a decision on his case.

"We've got to settle this thing," the officer said. "We've got to wrap it up."

"This thing" which had to be settled consisted of three-year-old charges concerning twenty-year-old associations of Professor Warren B. Austin with faculty colleagues at the City College of New York who were later found to have been members of the Communist Party.

What was about to be "wrapped up" was the distinguished twenty-six-year teaching career of Warren Austin.

May Day of 1937 was a distant memory to Dr. Austin until September 16, 1954, when he was summoned to testify before the Board of Higher Education's "Special Committee on Section 903 of the City Charter, Feinberg Law, and Related Matters" which was investigating suspected Communist influence in the municipal colleges. He testified again on June 6, 1955, and both times swore that he had never been a member of the Communist Party. The main suspicion of such membership seemed to be based on his friendship with Morris Schappes, a City College teacher who belonged to the Communist Party. That friendship began in 1931 when Austin, as a recent graduate of the college, was taken onto the faculty. Louis Freeman Mott, then head of the English department, asked Schappes to show Austin around and help him get started. Austin swore that, although he and Schappes were friends, and he later learned that Schappes was a Communist, he himself had never joined the party or participated in any of its activities. Professor Austin did readily admit to having marched in the May Day parade in 1937. According to *The New York Times* of that year, he was one of 70,000.

Professor Austin heard no more from the Special Committee after the two hearings in 1954 and 1955, and thought no more about it until the fall of 1956, when he was, without explanation, passed over for expected promotion from assistant professor to associate professor. He asked Dr. Buell Gallagher, president of City College, why he hadn't been promoted, and was told that his promotion was being held in reserve until he was finally cleared by the Board's Special Committee. He asked for a chance to testify in his defense, and did so before the committee on November 13, 1956. He once again swore that he had never been a member of the Communist Party.

The next word that came to Austin was the telephone call on May 20, 1957, with the information that the Board was meeting that night to decide his case and was anxious to "wrap it up." The law officer, Arthur Kahn, asked Dr. Austin if he had considered resigning from the faculty at City College. Dr. Austin said he certainly had not, and that he wanted a chance to appear before the Board to defend himself. Mr. Kahn said that if he wasn't considering resignation, he probably wouldn't be able to meet with the Board that evening.

The next morning, on his way to City College, Professor Warren Austin bought a copy of *The New York Times* "to see if I had been suspended." The *Times* report of the Board meeting, however, made no mention of the Austin case. Professor Austin went to his ten o'clock class with what small measure of relief could come from finding that the morning paper carried no news of the end of his career. He went on about the business of giving an English test to his class, and was about half way through the hour when the college president's secretary came in and asked him if he had heard from the department chairman.

"I said I was conducting a class, but I would see him as soon as the

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period was over," Dr. Austin recalled.

It seemed a reasonable proposal. But the institution which Warren Austin had served for twenty-six years would not wait twenty-five minutes to hand him the papers which ended his personal career and announced his public disgrace. Before the class was over, the acting chairman of the English department, Samuel Middlebrook, entered the room to interrupt the test and tell Warren Austin that a man was waiting outside to serve papers on him. Dr. Austin was charged with "conduct unbecoming a faculty member" on the grounds that he allegedly had testified falsely in denying past membership in the Communist Party.

Dr. Austin remembers now, as he will always remember, that moment: "I had to stop the class and explain to my students what was happening. Middlebrook had brought along a colleague to take over the class. As soon as I stepped outside the door the man from the Board gave me the papers."

Dr. Austin protested the charges, and the Board of Higher Education arranged a trial. A special three-man trial committee was appointed, and hearings were held intermittently over a four-month period.

SHORTLY before the trial began, it was announced that the special investigating staff of the Board's Special Committee on subversion in the schools was being disbanded. The era it had flourished in was clearly over. The still-remaining charges against Dr. Austin were something that happened to be left over from it. Their presence was a bothersome hangover; something that needed to be "wrapped up." The ensuing trial that wrapped them up was itself a political, moral and emotional hangover. Its dialogue is the kind that would be expected today only in badly-written television dramas on the theme of political witch-hunts. But our literature is ahead of our reality; Warren Austin's career was smashed on lines and plot that no editor would now accept as "true to life."

One of the final facts in the trial committee's report of condemnation is, in its own words, "Austin's taking at the Jefferson School a course in the Russian language (a subject which had no visible relation to his work as an instructor in the English department of the college . . .)."

Warren Austin reads five languages in addition to English. He patiently explained to the trial committee when questioned about the study of Russian:

> As I look back on it now, I think it was rather foolish of me to spend my time, but languages have always been something of an avocation, and I had learned French and Italian by myself, and I tried to do the same for Russian, and I found that it was

> somewhat more difficult, and, actually, I enrolled at three different places because I didn't have much time and I thought if I can get this in between day sessions and the evening session or in an odd few hours why it would be so much to the good. Under those circumstances I enrolled at the Jefferson School and took the Russian course. It was a good course. It was given by a man from NYU whose name I do not recall; I should certainly have continued it and finished it except that the hours were inconvenient at night. My recollection is that I was enrolled for possibly—well, not more than three weeks, I would say.

Another of the conclusions supporting the trial committee's decision of Austin's Communist membership was "Austin's own procurement as well as his receiving from Schappes Communist publications . . ." Schappes gave Austin "pamphlets or booklets of various phases of literature in the Soviet Union. But Austin also procured for himself books prominent among the Communist classics." It is part of the case against a college professor that he did purchase and read *The Foundations of Leninism* and *The History of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union.* When asked if Schappes had given him the latter book, Austin testified:

> No, I think I had that—I do not know whether I have it now, but I did have a copy of it. But I do in that case remember how I got it. I bought it at Collet's book store, which was then on Charing Cross Road, in London—I do not know whether it still is—in London. I bought that and I suppose I must have bought *The Foundations of Leninism* at one time, I do recall, because of my own interest in getting at the thing and finding out about it.

The desire of a man to "get at the thing and find out about it" can only be construed as subversive by the trial committee of the Board of Higher Education of the largest city in the United States.

Such a concept indeed seemed foreign to the attitudes of the trial committee. The record reads as if the members were more concerned with their image of the time they were talking about than with the time itself and the people involved. The sinister overtones were so lacking from Austin's testimony that it sometimes proved disturbing to the trial committee—as in the following exchange, when Austin was asked if a certain visit that Morris Schappes made to his home was in any way related to the Communist Party:

> A. This was utterly unrelated. He [Schappes] came with his wife and we were having an outdoor grill, we had hamburgers or something, we put on an extra one—
> Q. You were very interesting in your discourse, but you see, you go into details that increase our stenographic bill. But that is not the only reason: it is also time-consuming.

The picture of Morris Schappes, a friend and colleague, stopping by Austin's home for a hamburger seems quite removed from conspiracy. The trial committee much preferred the picture presented by its only witness against Austin, one Lewis Balamuth. As the trial committee report stated with such savor:

> His [Balamuth's] testimony drew

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> the now familiar picture of clandestine meetings in private homes, fictitious names, dues books, study of Communist classics, subjection to party discipline....

There's the stuff! In that clandestine world of dark intrigue, there was surely no one eating a hamburger.

Lewis Balamuth, the man whose testimony painted the picture of that clandestine world and inserted Professor Warren Austin into it, is a former Communist who taught at City College from 1937-42. He admitted under cross-examination at the trial that he had falsely accused two other persons of having testified falsely in other trials. The trial committee conceded that Balamuth was a confessed perjurer and that "on his present testimony standing alone no decision averse to Austin could be rendered." The conclusion of the trial committee stated also that "Any one of the many facts established in this trial about Austin would not, if isolated and standing alone, be sufficient to sustain the charges. But a different evaluation emerges when all such facts are considered together, and in the light of all the evidence and the whole record. . . ."

"Such facts" as Austin's reading of Communist books, his march in the May Day parade, his interest in learning the Russian language, are then mentioned, and it is concluded that "These facts, and others in this record, mesh into a pattern which common sense and experience readily perceive and evaluate."

In his brief for the defense, Austin's attorney, Ephraim S. London, wrote that "It is submitted that the charge against Dr. Austin was disproved; that the trial committee's conclusions are untenable; and that its findings are based upon the unreliable testimony of an admitted perjurer, upon conjecture, and upon rags and tatters of evidence of no substance or significance."

The Board of Higher Education considered the two reports on the case, and voted unanimously on December 16, 1957, to adopt the recommendation of the trial committee that "the disciplinary action be the immediate dismissal of Warren B. Austin, without pay during the period of his suspension other than the pay heretofore received by him during such period of suspension."

Ephraim London immediately announced that he would appeal the case to Dr. James E. Allen, state education commissioner. Foreseeing this action, the trial committee had written at the end of its recommendation that "In the matter of this recommended disciplinary action, we call attention to the fact that in the recent case of Professor Hugh McGill, who perjured himself before the Rapp-Coudert committee in 1941, the Board's sentence of dismissal was sustained by Commissioner Allen, notwithstanding that McGill fully admitted the perjury and expressed remorse. Here the respondent under oath repeated his denials."

WARREN Austin now sits in his Yonkers apartment and waits for the further working out of his fate. The tangible remains of his life work seem largely enclosed in a brown folder which bulges with letters of sympathy and friendship from former faculty colleagues, students and friends.

A letter on stationery of the CCNY department of English says: "I looked for you yesterday to try to tell you how shaken I was by the news in the *Times*, and also to tell you that I can think of no one in the department whom we can less well afford to lose. . . ."

Among notes of similar sentiment from colleagues is a resolution passed on May 23, 1957, by the unanimous vote of the department of English at CCNY. It states:

> Dr. Austin is a thoroughly able, efficient and conscientious teacher. Every task that he has been asked to assume he has done faithfully and well.... His scholarship is superior. His Ph.D. dissertation on Nashe and Harvey was adjudged by so distinguished a commentator as Professor Marjorie Hope Nicholson "an important contribution to English literature".... As his colleagues through the years, we wish also to express our genuine regard for Dr. Austin as a man who has displayed, to the best of our knowledge, the highest personal integrity in all his dealings with us and with his students, and who has never given us cause to question his loyalty to the government of the United States.

Perhaps the most moving of all are the letters from students. A typical one stated:

> As a student I feel your suspension is an injustice and a great loss; a loss of a teacher who could make the difficulties of the English language seem easy and who could bring fun into the classroom as well as knowledge.... I am sincerely proud to be your student....

A former student who went in the army wrote Warren Austin that "I say in all honesty, Professor, that many of the things which I learned in your Bible course, I've been able to put into use when clarifying something in my own religion for a buddy or even in helping him to better understand his own. And that does make life a bit easier."

Warren Austin, a quiet, gray-haired, scholarly man, sits now waiting and talks of his gratitude to friends who "have rallied around us." But nothing can erase the memory of his trial, and the reality of its repercussions. Perhaps the most painful aspect of all has been Warren Austin's fear of the effects on his family—his wife and son and daughter.

The worst of the fears have already been realized. Professor Austin's daughter graduated from college last June and was hired as a trainee by American Telephone and Telegraph in White Plains, New York. She loved the work, and was told by her boss that she was ranked Number One in the group of twelve trainees she was working with. Last September she was called in by her boss and asked to resign. At first no reason was given, but finally she was told that it was due to the publicity over her father's case. She now is working as a salesgirl in a New York department store.

In such a way has the action of the Board of Higher Education kept us all safe from subversion. The pattern and the plot are old—indeed, they are out of date. The era of McCarthyism that spawned such stories is over. The books closed, as they were opened, with a victim. It can be little solace to Warren Austin to know that he was the last, or that the weapon which wrecked his career is now obsolete.

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DARKNESS UNDER the DOME . . *by David Cort*

IN THE CHARM war with Russia, the natural arena is the so-called international trade fair which has become increasingly popular among the underdeveloped countries. Here the local people can see for themselves what the two competing worlds have to offer. Our own participation in these endless fairs makes an instructive story. Here is a working test of what our government thinks is charming about America, how charming our mass-produced merchandise is to other people, how capable Russia has become at duplicating it, what is America's real charm and power, what in general charms whom. If it seems sometimes that the present American government cannot charm beetles, it may be because we are at present infatuated with our own merchandise, and imagine that anybody else would be too.

The trade fair was not fully understood, as late as 1954, by our concerned agencies, the State and Commerce Departments. That year, when the great Milan Trienniale invited us to exhibit, our government sneered that this was a matter for private enterprise. A little magazine called *Interiors* did invite Mr. Buckminster Fuller (truly private enterprise, at both ends) to install one of his geodesic domes at Milan, and in fact this won the Grand Prize. If the reader is not long since familiar with the geodesic dome, I will describe this object later.

On August 1, 1956, another little trade fair was to open in Kabul, Afghanistan. The strategic importance of Afghanistan was formerly well-known to the masters of the British Empire who had not, however, bothered to pass on this crucial information to the new masters in Washington, who seem to have been unable to work it out for themselves. For 2,500 years Afghanistan has been the door to India, and the only door overland. The Russian passion to push the Turk-Sib railway into Kabul had been blocked by the British for a hundred years. The British Ambassador's palace in Kabul is still bigger than the King's, but the British have ceased to care.

By themselves, the Afghans are interesting people. They have had a dozen emperors and kings of India. They were the tribesmen who poured into Kashmir and gave Nehru an excuse to send in his troops and instigate the most volatile unfought war on the agenda, not against Afghanistan but against Pakistan. They are born to the mechanics of mobility. They are superb mechanics. They take a piece of junk and turn it into a beautiful rifle. They buy exhausted, third-hand American taxis and make them run with hand-made parts. Seeing this, the Russians paved a good stretch of Kabul highway for the Afghans to race on. A little later, Russia was allowed to push its railway into Kabul; tomorrow, India and the world. The slumber in Washington was still sweet and untroubled.

AND THEN came the cables from the American Ambassador in Kabul describing a most peculiar interest in the Jeshyn Fair by the Russians, the Chinese, the Czechs and the East Germans. Why, the exhibits of the two greatest Communist powers were to cover 32,000 and 22,000 square feet. In Kabul, of all places! And the Jeshyn Fair was to open in two months.

What to do? A miracle was required. The growing American philosophy is that miracles are produced by corporations. But what was wanted was far beyond any existing American corporation to deliver. It was to complete a large building in its component parts within one month, load them on a single DC-4 plane and deliver them in Kabul prepared for erection in a day or two. Since America is lucky enough to number individuals as well as corporations, the Department of Commerce was lucky enough to find a South Asian expert named Jack Massey who was smart enough to know about Buckminster Fuller. Both individuals. As usual, in a genuine emergency, the individual has to be found.

After consultation with his staff, Mr. Fuller said that he could and would do it, at cost. And at a minute fraction of what any other structure would have cost.

Before the month was up, the dome was delivered at Raleigh, N.C., airport—a 100-foot clear-span frame of aluminum tubes and vinyl-coated nylon skin. It was approved, packed on the DC-4 and flown to Afghanistan.

IN KABUL it was erected by a few Afghans in a day. Its materialization, immense and gleaming-white, was stunning to the Afghans. Some came inside, fell on their knees and prayed. Others said that it was merely ancient Afghan architecture, for indeed it applies the same universal principles as the nomad's yurt, made of interlaced saplings and sheepskins.

The dome was the sensation of the Kabul fair. It outdrew the huge Chinese and Russian exhibits which were four and three times as big, by heavy margins. The number of visitors, 202,000, was equal to the population of Kabul.

Every testimony was that this last-minute victory in the charm war was won by the dome, not by the merchandise inside. This latter is exceedingly interesting as showing what American bureaucrats believe to be America's charm: the Borden talking cow, Lionel toy trains, bouncing ball-bearings, a cranky hi-fi set, a TV screen on which the Afghans saw themselves looking at the screen, and movies of American football games and drum majorettes.

America is full of better things than these. The electronic gadgets of automation, for example, open up the world of applied brain and spirit. A lot of modern children's toys are quite fascinating. But merchandise, simply as merchandise, means nothing without a local production and distribution system, or a big import operation.

The dome was different. The Afghans were so delighted with it they kept climbing up the frame and sliding down the taut, suspended skin,

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with whoops. They were doing so when the King drove around the dome several times, and had his police drag his subjects off their slide. The King conveyed to the U.S. Ambassador that he would be happy to accept the geodesic dome as a gift. The request should have been granted at once. But the Department of Commerce had no budget item to cover it. The King was refused. The Russians at once consoled him with a plane worth at least $150,000, five times the cost of the dome.

THE FULLER dome, I should explain, has evolved over a period of thirty years out of a quite complicated mathematics describing the tensions on the surface of a hollow sphere. Being based on sound universal dynamics, the structure is incredibly strong, though it looks fragile. It is the basic component of the Defense-Early-Warning line of radar stations and of the Marine Air Force's mobile installations. It is as typically and individually American as the first Model T Ford car—the simplest and best way to be a difficult thing.

The Kabul dome was packed up toward the end of 1956 and flown to another trade fair in Bangkok, Thailand, then in the middle of last year to another in Tokyo, to go in 1958 to still another in Osaka. In Thailand and in Japan, as in Afghanistan, the people said, "But that is our own traditional architecture, industrialized." The Japanese are building a half-dozen of their own. Since Fuller has no Asian patent, they need pay no royalties. One in Tokyo is, however, called the Fuller Dome, in honorable apology.

The dome was by now basic propaganda, and the Department of Commerce invested in a fleet of them to be flown about the globe. Two, of 100-foot clear span, were at the Casablanca and Tunis trade fairs in the summer of 1957. One of 114 feet was the center of the fair at Poznan, Poland, our first entry behind the Iron Curtain, in the summer after the Hungarian rebellion. In this political climate, the dome must have revived some of Europe's faith in the continuous American revolution of fresh, untrammeled thinking. Later the Poznan dome was flown to Istanbul, Turkey, while another went to the fair at Salonika, Greece. One of eighty-four feet at the 1957 Milan Trienniale won the Grand Prize again from a jury of seventeen nations, to round out the story. Other domes covered American exhibits at the trade fairs in Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, India, and in Rangoon, Burma.

A comparison is insistent between the charm of the goedesic dome and of the rocket missile. Certainly the development of the rocket was equally individualistic until Hitler took it over for the V-2. Afterward, the Russian and American corporations took it over. Since it seemed competitive with manned aircraft, the American effort could not be much advanced by the young air generals who could not help regarding the missile as something aimed at shooting boy generals out of the air and the aircraft companies into the red. Russia's air generals had no claim to having "won the war" and no prestige. Thus, the Russians beat us into the sky with the satellite. The charm, as we can still painfully remember, was instantaneous and universal. Our own satellite four months later seems to me to have been the more charming by its relative lightness and efficiency. And it was put up by what was formerly the heavy-handed branch of the services, the ground army. Yet here again the job was saved by individuals, by Wernher von Braun and the court-martialed Colonel Nickerson. When the Russians put a dog into their second sputnik, they even put the concept of an individual into the sky, and into the minds of men.

This sequence strikes me as very interesting. The present government of the U.S.S.R. is the enemy of the individual, quite frankly; yet it takes an individualistic invention and projects it as individualistic charm and has an immense success. I begin to remember again the many charming feats of Adolf Hitler, such as the Volkswagen and the Autobahnen, not to speak of the V-2. These fellows, it seems, can always out-charm us.

WE NEED only move on to the trade fair in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, in September, 1957, to read a climax in American and Russian policies in the charm war. The American exhibit had no geodesic dome this time, but it had a lot of merchandise, admiringly reported by the American press. Contributed by the Chain Stores Association, it was assembled in a reproduction of a typical American super-market crammed with frozen lamb chops, spinach and ice cream, the putative contents of the American belly. Since the Yugoslav beholder had no way of getting any of this, he either regarded it as a sort of museum exhibit or a personal insult. The message was: "Eat your heart out."

Life in particular said that it found this propaganda for the American way of life simply splendid. Since propaganda is a subjective matter, I do not want to sound cocksure about anything here. Nevertheless, for myself, I can say that I have a very limited interest in how well somebody else eats—somebody I don't know and probably wouldn't like anyway. The consumption of food, as all fiction editors know very well, is beautiful in babies, still charming in children, acceptable in teen-agers and repulsive in adults. Try to sell a story about gluttony. My thought is that our Zagreb exhibit was about as offensive as it is possible to get. It had no mark of brain, spirit, abstraction or hope; it simply presented a marvelously refined bestiality of the belly. Yet this is the level of our foreign policy, because it is also the level at which corporate advertising works.

Am I subversive if I say that America stands for something very different? We were once a masculine, ascetic, roving, adventurous people who created new solutions as fast as new problems arose. And in fact that same personnel is still here, though in the shadow.

The ruling personnel of America had their total failure rubbed into their noses, right there at Zagreb. There was of course no American geodesic dome. And so the Russians now proceeded to raise over their exhibit a vividly colored geodesic dome, of aluminum tubes, but of canvas instead of plastic. It was, of course, as it had always been under the United States flag, an enormous success.

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GUATEMALA TRIES AGAIN . . *by David L. Graham*

GUATEMALA'S national elections have come and gone, peacefully and with an all-time minimum of fraud and manipulation. Probably never has so little excitement been covered by so many foreign correspondents. Hopeful as this tranquility was for the future of popular government in Guatemala, the results were inconclusive, if not ominous.

One surging trend there was, however—that of voters bent on slapping down the presidential ambitions of Cruz Salazar, inheritor of Castillo Armas' Liberation or MDN Party and hence the U.S. State Department's favorite. Thus, with uncanny fidelity, the Administration has once again revealed an affinity for the unpopular man and the discredited cause.

Thanks, however, to a post-election deal between Cruz and General Ydigoras, the wily old right-winger who won a plurality but not a majority in the presidential race, MDN henchmen are expected to get three ministries in the new government and Cruz himself an ambassadorship for withdrawing in favor of Ydigoras. In short, both principals pulled the rug from under their own followers.

THE JULY assassination of Castillo Armas was taps for the Liberation. With him gone, the Liberation was dead; decomposition set in almost at once. Realizing that they were done for if the people could express themselves at the polls, the MDN made desperate efforts to rig the October elections. So blatant were its machinations, however, that the MDN Government had to bow to popular indignation: the elections were annulled and the MDN provisional president resigned and went to visit relatives in Washington.

DAVID L. GRAHAM is a free-lance writer with a special interest in Guatemala, which he has visited several times. He reported on "Liberated" Guatemala in The Nation *of July 14, 1956; another article, Castillo's Guatemala, appeared in* The Nation *of May 21, 1955.*

An era was now finished. Exiles came flocking back to Guatemala, the press shook off its shackles, and a real opposition party, the PR (Revolutionary Party) under Mendez Montenegro, came out in the open. Conditions for a free election had never been better.

Part of the U.S. press took up its old cry: the Government's opponents were Communist-infiltrated, Communist-dominated; Moscow had laid a big-inch pipeline into the heart of the banana belt. Such bloodshot, barstool perspectives stirred laughter only in observers on the scene. Actually, throughout the campaign the PR followed a decorous, liberal line, avoiding violence, shunning the support of the old left-wingers of Arbenz' time and fearful of the Communist taint. "My worst enemies," Mendez Montenegro called the Communists.

Major planks in the PR program were: recognition of human dignity and the rights of man, including the right to organize in unions and the right of all Guatemalans to live in Guatemala, free from political reprisals; war on illiteracy, disease and destitution — the common lot in Guatemala; an income tax (there is none) instead of hidden taxes on food and other necessities; and even recognition of the need for foreign investments to speed progress—a program, in short, dedicated to bringing true democracy to Guatemala and "repudiating *all* types of totalitarianism, Right or Left, including communism, falangism, fascism, etc."

All three important parties (PR, MDN, and Ydigoristas) jockeyed for the middle lane, the PR rebuffing the 1944 revolutionaries, and the MDN and the Ydigoristas trying to shove each other to the Right.

The Ydigoras who "lost" the October elections by opposing the sure-thing government candidate, just as he had lost to the leftist Arbenz in 1950, went on to win the January elections with a 52,000 plurality. This was no surprise to anyone, except maybe *The New York Times* which, though its reporters knew better, had been scoffing editorially at the general's chances as late as January 15, echoing State Department sentiments by predicting a Cruz victory.

What did astonish everyone, including the PR people themselves, was the showing made by Mendez Montenegro. That ambitious 47-year-old lawyer and ex-mayor of Guatemala City picked up some 135,000 votes after less than two months of electioneering. "Next time," predicted Guatemala's leading journalist, Marroquin Rojas, himself an Ydigorista, "the PR will win without question."

MANY Guatemalans, including thoughtful PR supporters, regard the victory of Ydigoras as a good thing —provided he strives for a genuine reconciliation government as promised. "Law" was his slogan, and people voted for him because they felt that justice in Guatemala needs a stronger hand. For three years the secret police has been trampling on civil rights, arresting and exiling critics of the Government even when they have protective injunctions from the supreme court.

How Guatemala develops in the next few years depends mainly on two factors: what will Ydigoras do, and what about the U.S.? If Ydigoras harks back to his early training, or inclines toward the policies of his alleged backer, Generalissimo Trujillo, then civil strife seems certain. Longings for freedom, economic opportunity and national self-determination have proliferated in Guatemala since 1944. The people cannot be herded back to dictator Ubico's five-cents-a-day wages and government by gunmen.

Despite surprises and setbacks received, U.S. foreign policy seems still blind to the facts of Latin American life, still confident that it is good business and justifiable morality for us to support such dictators as Castillo Armas, Somoza, Pérez Jiménez.

Even if economic aid were to bring prosperity to the Guatemalan people —at present there is only a slight trickle-down—Venezuela should have reminded us that prosperity is not enough. A self-respecting people wants freedom.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Science of Life

LIFE: AN INTRODUCTION TO BIOLOGY. By George Gaylord Simpson, Colin S. Pittendrigh, and Lewis H. Tiffany. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 845 pp. $10.

Carl Dreher

VANNEVAR BUSH, respected as an administrator, engineer and scientist in both the capitalist and Communist worlds, said recently in a television interview: "If I were a youngster today, I would become a biologist." But why be resigned? Any engineer, young or old, can benefit spiritually, perhaps even vocationally, by studying a science more directly related to an understanding of life than the physics, mechanics, electronics, nucleonics and rocketry which so obsess our lopsided culture. For that matter, can anyone call himself educated without at least an amateur's interest in the life sciences, all of which radiate from biology?

Life: An Introduction to Biology is primarily a college textbook, but it is so well organized that it can serve as a self-contained home study course. As such, if every word is read (there are at least 600,000) and every illustration is scrutinized (there are more than 500) several hundred hours may profitably be spent on it. It may, of course, be read solely for pleasure in a fraction of that time. As a college text it will make its own way. The general reader, unhappily, is less likely to discover it. In the chronic log jam of commercial book reviewing an important technical work cannot expect to be noticed in competition with books on the Civil War, astrology and the consolations of religion. An even greater handicap is that textbooks are sold at a 20 per cent discount to the retailer, as compared with the 40 per cent discount on "trade" books. The bookseller will order a copy for a customer, but he will not stock the book. To get the book into the stores, the publisher must issue a separate trade edition at a retail price one-third higher than the text price, which, in the case of a heavily illustrated book of large size, gets to be pretty steep for the average buyer.

The authors of this truly monumental work have an old-fashioned sense of a mission and the courage to proclaim it. Their preface begins:

> This book is based on strong convictions. We believe that there is a unified science of life, a general biology that is distinct from a shotgun marriage of botany and zoology, or any others of the special life sciences. We believe that this science has a body of established and working principles. We believe that literally nothing on earth is more important to a rational living being than basic acquaintance with those principles.

They say further: "General biology . . . is an exciting subject. It is another of our convictions that writing about it should not be flat, awkward, or didactic. We have not fully reached but we have striven toward the ideal that an introduction to biology should be interesting and should have literary quality." They have scored on all counts.

BECAUSE they have been so ambitious and so successful, the book is not easy to review. Part one gives a preview of the principal themes, including an outline of the conceptual schemes of modern science which most scientists as well as all non-scientists could read with profit. Part two deals with the materials and energy traffic of cells, tissues, organs and organisms. Here, as elsewhere in the book, the student is supplied with the physics and chemistry he needs for meaningful biophysical and biochemical discussion. Part three, "Maintenance and Integration of the Organism," ranges from the metabolism of microscopic unicellular animals to the innate and learned behavior of insects and men. Part four, "Reproduction: The Continuity of Life," and Part five, "The Mechanics of Evolution," contain some of the most informative, eloquent and wryly humorous disquisitions since Thomas Henry Huxley set out to enlighten the laity. The last five sections are on "The Diversity of Life," "The Life of Populations and Communities," "The Geography of Life," "The History of Life" and "The History of Biology." In such a range, where does one start reviewing?

By way of an exploratory operation in one small sector, I want to consider a connection between sex, heredity and politics. It is not explicitly discussed by the authors, but the value of a book of this kind is as much in what it enables the reader to clarify for himself as in what the authors clarify for him. While the causal relation between copulation and reproduction in man has been realized in Western culture for some 2500 years (about one-tenth of a second on a twenty-four-hour biological scale), an understanding of the cellular nature of the development of a new organism had to await the invention of the microscope late in the seventeenth century. Following the discovery of spermatozoa and ova, a kind of neo-scholastic controversy broke out between the *ovists*, who argued that the preformed adult was contained in the egg, and the *spermists* who held that it was contained in the sperm head. Both groups realized that if either theory was valid, the zygote or germ cell must contain a tiny homunculus with a reproductive organ, which in turn contained smaller sperm or eggs, which contained still smaller humans, and so on. Neither school regarded this as a *reductio ad absurdum* and the dispute raged on into the eighteenth century.

The authors of *Life* point out that the actual process by which an adult organism develops from the zygote requires as great a stretch of the

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imagination as the fantasies of the seventeenth-century microscopists. Within the zygote, which in man is two-tenths of a millimeter in diameter, there is contained, in a volume which is probably less than a thousandth of the entire cell, an instruction code for the differentiation and organization of the trillions and trillions of cells of the mature adult. These instructions, which the authors discuss in the light of current information theory, are in chemical form and appear ultimately to be embodied in molecular surface shapes acting as templates. Translated into verbal information, the hereditary message would fill millions of books. The instructions are recorded in the chromosomes, half of which, in sexual reproduction, are contributed by the male and half by the female.

ALTHOUGH proof of the chromosome theory was not adduced until 1913-1918 (and is more important than anything that occurred during those same years on the battlefields of the first World War) there had long been speculation on the mechanism and range of heredity in man. Democritus reasoned that there must be representative particles, *pangenes*, which rushed from all parts of the body to the semen and accounted for the intensity of orgasm. Aristotle, however, pointed out that if this were so, a man who had lost an arm should have one-armed children. Aristotle's view was close to the modern one, that what is inherited is a potentiality to develop. Much later, Weismann showed that the germ cells of each generation were direct descendants, through intermediate unspecialized cells, of the germ cells of the previous generation, and that therefore acquired characteristics could not be transmitted by a genetic mechanism. Changes do, however, occur in the germ cells through random mutations and the constant reshuffling of the genes in mating.

Biological inheritance has little to do with cultural inheritance, which in man is of transcendent importance. The tendency to project biological theories into fields where they have no relevance is illustrated by Lysenko's revival of pangenesis and its adoption by the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The idea that social revolution is foredoomed by biological heredity ("human nature doesn't change") is naturally repugnant to Communists. It also happens to be untrue. But instead of arguing that environmental factors predominate in society and heredity plays only an indirect and indecisive role, the Soviet politicians made a gratuitous foray into a field in which they had no competence. They succeeded only in discrediting their cause among scientists all over the world. It must be added that their more pejorative critics were not without fault either, for Lysenko's fallacy had a most respectable ancestry, including among its sponsors Charles Darwin himself.

Vannevar Bush would choose biology because he surmises that the major "breakthroughs" are more likely to come in that field than in the ones to which we are now devoting the major part of our research and development. Insofar as an introductory text can further the development of a science, the authors of *Life* have done everything possible to make the future of biology as bright as the future of missiles and space ships. They have completed, in the publisher's words, "an immense project that has been accomplished with consummate skill, great beauty, and almost unbelievable clarity." It is a pleasure to agree, for once, with the mandatory eulogism of a book jacket.

Verrà la morte

(From the Italian of Cesare Pavese)

Verrà la morte e avrà i tuoi occhi—
questa morte che ci accompagna
Death will come and will have your eyes
—this death which attends us
from morning to night, sleepless,
deaf, like an old remorse
or absurd vice. Your eyes
will be a vain word,
a stilled cry, a silence.
Thus you see them each morning
when upon yourself alone you bend
into the mirror. O, dear hope,
on that day we too will know
you are life and nothingness.

For all death has one glance.
Death will come and will have your eyes.
It will be like quitting a vice,
like seeing in the mirror
a dead visage unfold,
like heeding closed lips.
We will descend into the abyss muted.

NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI

Remember Madrid

SPAIN'S STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM. By Lawrence Fernsworth. The Beacon Press. 360 pp. $6.

Jane Stolle

SPAIN, twenty years ago, was a religion—not a country. Hard-bitten reporters who covered the Spanish Civil War (1936-39) came back changed and dedicated men. Their eyes had seen the glory of Good (the Republican Loyalist forces) fighting with muskets and pitchforks against the superior materiel of Evil (the Franco rebels). They fought the good—though losing—fight with their typewriters, and as a result, never has the American public become so emotionally involved in another country's war.

But one has just so much emotion to spread around, and World War II, the Korean War, McCarthyism and the arms race have so addled the public psyche that such a simple, straightforward thing as the struggle of a people for basic freedoms has lost its reader appeal. Too, Franco has dulled the public mind toward Spain through keeping the opposition as silent as his censored press and police can manage. A few conscientious and courageous foreign correspondents have learned methods of burrowing their way behind the Franco façade—sometimes in a cloak-and-dagger atmosphere in which even their physical well-being was threatened. But by and large, information about post-Civil War Spain has come in the form of travel brochures, with pictures of bull fights and fiestas replacing the apostolic prose of the Hemingways, Orwells and Brenans.

It is good to see, then, that an early

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convert to the Republican cause, Lawrence Fernsworth, is still worshipping at the same old altar; that his recently published *Spain's Struggle for Freedom* reactivates those atrophied, simple emotions. No cerebral cudgeling here about arms race vs. disarmament, science vs. the humanities, etc. Just the fight of Good vs. Evil.

ANOTHER merit of the book is its timeliness. The struggle for freedom still goes on in Spain, and is accelerating. The uneasy truce under which dictator Franco has held the Spanish people for twenty years shows increasingly recurrent signs of breaking down. Student riots, strikes (illegal in Spain), significant shifts in the government are all symptoms of a general unrest that could explode into action any day.

As Fernsworth says, "In Spain, catastrophic popular movements have never been planned. A sudden rumor sweeping through the city, the outcry of a single voice during a demonstration, a truth that emerges from widening circles of rumor, a battle cry taken up by the people—these have been the sparks to touch off explosions."

In his zeal to carry once again the gospel of Good vs. Evil, Fernsworth may err on the side of over-simplification when he records the chaotic five-year period of the second Spanish Republic which ended in the Civil War. Like a too-indulgent mother who blinks at brattiness, Fernsworth can see no wrong in "The Child," as the Spanish Republicans fondly dubbed the Republic which was born in April, 1931. Despite a statement in the introduction to the book that his purpose is ". . . to meet the pressing inquiries of the many persons who are perplexed by the riddle of Spain and are anxious to get a factual report on the subject," Fernsworth writes often with his heart rather than his head. But he is to be forgiven; his heart is in the right place.

Fernsworth devotes the first third of his book to the stormy ancestry of "The Child"—from its hazy Iberian beginnings through Roman, Visigoth and Moorish invasions, to its evolution as a monarchy under Hapsburg and Bourbon kings from the other side of the Pyrenees. Battling their way through the centuries, the Spaniards managed to maintain their inborn sense of democracy, despite the additions of new authoritarian-bred blood strains and the strong-arm tendencies of the majority of their rulers. Plunged, untutored by the French Revolution and the maturing of liberal ideas in the 19th century, into a belated political adolescence after the fall of the Bourbon monarchy in 1931, Spain emerged as a democracy poorly prepared to run its own life. That it failed after five years was due directly to the treasonous revolt led by Army General Francisco Franco against the duly constituted government.

But Fernsworth, unlike the soberer Spanish Republican refugee scholar, Salvador de Madariaga, does not like to see, or write, that "The Child" contributed indirectly to its own demise throughout its idealistic but unruly lifetime. Franco's bullets hit an already bared chest.

Madariaga says in his *Spain*: "This and no other is the deepest cause of the downfall of the Republic: its inability to co-ordinate and harmonize the dispersive tendencies of the energetic and at times violent Spaniard; its failure to kindle a high national passion strong enough to absorb into a national unity the two negative passions of the Spaniard: dictatorship and separatism." Ferdinand and Isabella united the various regional petty kingdoms under one central government in the 15th century, but their peoples have remained to this day as individualistic as Texans. Madariaga's use of the word "dictatorship" refers to the Spanish reluctance to play follow-the-leader because each one wants to be "it" himself. Franco has been the unchallenged *Caudillo*, or leader, for twenty years only because of the physical and moral debilitation which followed the Civil War. The virile generation born during, and since, the Civil War is what worries Franco.

In his final chapters, Fernsworth raises the question of Spain's future—and of the role the United States is taking in it by allying itself with Franco in order to build military bases in Spain. The question remains unanswered, but Fernsworth feels that the democratic forces now clandestinely active in the country will successfully work out their own destiny, despite the problems—still existent—that Madariaga outlines above.

The U.S. bases? "Will Franco keep his promises?" Fernsworth asks. "The answer to this question must be the same as it would be if the question were asked by a banker of a man seeking credit. The banker wants to know: 'What is his record? What is his character?' The record is one of betrayal after betrayal. The character is one of thorough unscrupulousness." He makes a good—and, this time, completely factual—case to support his argument. Fernsworth says our own guns could easily be used against us if Franco, the political acrobat, decided the other side were stronger. Timely, again, in view of recent talk of Spain's entering NATO through a side door.

Spain's Struggle for Freedom is another sign that times are changing. First, peace loses its connotation as a dirty word, and now Good and Evil are with us again.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IN WRITING about *Look Back in Anger*, I tried to suggest John Osborne's importance as a reflection of some of the moral and intellectual doldrums of contemporary England. Added to this is a certain rhetorical gift, an odd combination of witty nastiness, exasperated sentimentality and an histrionic violence which plays well.

The Entertainer—Osborne's second play (Royale)—which he assures us is his "best"—was sold out before the opening of its eight-week run because of an interest in the new author and more especially because of Laurence Olivier's presence in the central role. (If you can't get seats you can read the play which is published by Criterion Books.) It is more ambitious than the earlier play, both in its form and in its attempt to provide us with a wide range of characters as a social background to identify the origin of Osborne's mood.

There is the old music hall comedian who represents the confident England on which the curtain fell in 1914. He tells his granddaughter "You haven't lived, most of you. You've never known what it was like. You're all miserable really. You don't know what life can be like." The girl he speaks to represents that segment of the younger folk, idealistic but uncertain, who suddenly find themselves at rallies in Trafalgar Square because they get "steamed up about the way things are going" and ask themselves, "My own people—who are my people?"

The core of the trouble, apart from the feeling of resentment at the lack of any strong and concrete action to prevent atomic warfare, is expressed by one of the grandsons—the one who

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refused to go off to fight over Suez (his brother was killed there). "Can you think of any good reason for staying in this cosy little corner of Europe?" the embittered boy asks. "Don't kid yourself anyone's going to let you do anything or try anything here . . . You haven't got a chance. You'd better start thinking about number one. Nobody is going to do it for you because no one believes in that stuff any more. Oh, they may say they do, and may take a few bob out of your pay packet every week and stick some stamps on your card to prove it, but don't believe it.... They're all so busy, speeding down the middle road together, not giving a damn where they're going, as long as they're in the bloody middle!"

The central character—the crooner and hoofer who represents the present and whose lower middle-class wife whimpers in her cups, "Oh Christ, I wish I knew what was going to happen to us!" and sees salvation only in emigration to Canada—this vaudevillian, played by Laurence Olivier, is a mess of vulgarity, bewilderment, heartlessness, seedy and aberrant sexuality, frustration and sentimental artistic yearning. "And do you know why?" he cries out, "Because we're deadbeats and down and outs. We're drunks, maniacs, we're crazy... the whole flaming bunch of us. We have problems that nobody's ever heard of, we're characters out of something that nobody believes in.... But we're really not funny. We're too boring....We don't succeed in anything...."

I HAVE quoted from the text itself because whatever value the play has is in its expression, however raw, of the fits and starts that now beset English society. The play is a symptom, and it is right that the English in particular should take it seriously and make a controversial subject of it.

But it is not a good play. (That, however, is no reason for dismissing it.) I do not believe with its author that the music hall, which he may be correct in calling "a significant part of England," can be employed as a symbol for England—certainly not as he has employed it. I believe in the blowsy wife in the play as an authentic character sketch (especially as played by Brenda de Branzie); but generally what is communicated is neither a poetic nor a realistic symbol of a dying society (even decadence may have grandeur or at least pathos), but so many rather grubby, repetitive and, though youthfully explosive, not very sensitive, "slices of life." The fact that these are sandwiched in between music hall turns in which Archie Rice delivers rancid monologues and grinds out soiled ditties on the play's themes does not give the play any larger dimension than the content of the individual scenes.

The Entertainer is the immature work of a gifted, ambitious, battling young man. Because he is one of the very few able writers in England attempting to express something of the present situation there in cogent stage terms, Osborne occupies a more prominent place on the cultural horizon than the actual creative value of his work as yet warrants. A certain crudeness in such a young writer is to be expected, but it may prove damaging to him and to ourselves to mistake his vehement statement of certain facts about which he feels strongly for the revelation of some great truth.

YOUNG writers must learn that the function of the artist is not to produce a sensation but to fashion objects which have an impersonal validity, putting us in contact with both the immediate world and with an overall sense of life we are all happy to share. Chekhov's plays are also about a society in decline, peopled with unhappy, foolish, often feckless people; but they are seen through the eyes of someone who realizes the sources of greatness in all men. Osborne's indignation and iconoclasm often sound like the complaints of youths who fear they may be denied their chance to become men, though they do not yet know what it means to be a man. These are justified complaints, but they are not to be taken either as wisdom or as the voice of humankind.

This spasmodic play is sustained by a brilliant cast and direction which lend a certain sparkle and brio to what might become painfully drab scenes. Laurence Olivier is theatrically consummate without being moving. Only so remarkably endowed an actor could conceive and execute so many character traits (including an unforgettable make-up) with such thoroughgoing dexterity; yet at the end we remain strangely deprived of any unified impression apart from our astonishment at the actor's virtuosity. We do not feel we know Archie Rice or for that matter the actor who plays him. Both have been consumed in the dazzling energy and bravura of the actor's technique—as if a painter in doing a portrait performed so many juggling tricks with his brush, tubes, palette and easel that we forgot to look at the face he had promised to set down on the canvas.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

OF ALL the small record companies that have sprung into existence during the past few years, one of the most intriguing is Composers Recordings, Inc., a firm which devotes itself almost entirely to music written by the large and qualitatively significant membership of the American Composers Alliance. The names on the Alliance roster range from such older-generation musicians as the late Charles Ives, Wallingford Riegger, Quincy Porter and Henry Cowell, down through a younger group represented by such men as Arthur Berger, Ben Weber and Roger Goeb. Feeding into the Alliance, and therefore into Composers Recordings as well, is still another body of composers, many of them in their twenties, who give signs of developing into important figures in American music.

In an organization which comprises, roughly, 120 composers, a great diversity of styles must naturally prevail, and on the CRI discs I have before me, everything from the twelve-tone system to folklorism is represented. CRI 113 pairs Adolph Weiss's twelve-tone *Variations for Orchestra* with Antonio Lora's *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra.* The Weiss *Variations* is, in my opinion, an extremely handsome work: intense, emotional and possessed of considerable melodic beauty. It, like the Lora piece, is performed by F. Charles Adler and the Vienna Orchestra, and though in at least one place the performance deviates inexcusably from the composer's tempo indications, the overall effect can only be called impressive and, in some spots, downright moving. The Lora *Concerto* lies at an opposite stylistic pole. Its harmonic language is romantic-impressionist. And yet, despite its backward-looking nature, the work has an air of surprising freshness and considerable buoyancy. Eva Wollmann is the soloist.

CRI 117 brings together Wallingford Riegger's *Romanza,* played by the Orchestra of the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia-Roma under Alfredo An-

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tonini, and his *Dance Rhythms* and *Music for Orchestra* as performed by the same conductor with the Oslo Philharmonic. On the same disc are Jacob Avshalomov's tone poem *The Taking of T'ung Kuan* and Norman Cazden's *Three Ballads from the Catskills,* both of which are recorded by Igor Buketoff and the Oslo Philharmonic. The Riegger works contrast so surprisingly with one another that I assumed they must date from different periods in his long career. But no, all of them were written in the fifties. The seventy-three-year-old composer is apparently carrying along several styles at once: the Wagnerian one of his youth, in the *Romanza;* the smooth, big radio-orchestra style of the thirties in his *Dance Rhythms;* and, in the *Music for Orchestra,* a sleekly dissonant garb that is his latest acquisition. I regret that the sampling of Riegger's music did not lean more heavily on this most recent phase of his output, for he has written in it some music that I find more arresting than the first two of these pieces; music which I am sure will ultimately be considered of great significance.

The Taking of T'ung Kuan is a real swashbuckler, full of sound and fury, as befits its title and, like most tone-poems, a little out of date in conception. It is an attractively ornate piece, however, and shakes the rafters. The Cazden *Ballads,* on the other hand, flow along in a modal, bucolic atmosphere that is slightly damaged by the poor solo string sound of the Oslo musicians.

Among the most distinguished discs the company has presented is CRI 120, pairing Roger Goeb's *Symphony No. 3* with Ben Weber's *Symphony on Poems of William Blake.* The first of these is as rambunctious and "American" a work as you could hope to find. Terse thematic nuggets and uninhibited, virile rhythms are stated, piled one upon the other, and then expanded into a structure that is as logical as a Beethoven symphony and as Dionysian as a good session in the right night club. Weber's *Symphony* is a good counterpart. In it, by virtue of his striking creative gift and by means of the twelve-tone system, a heady, humming orchestral texture has been created, through which the baritone voice of Warren Galjour penetrates in an almost dream-like fashion with the words of William Blake: "O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stained/With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit/Beneath my shady roof." Both of these works merit the highest praise, and Leopold Stokowski has given them admirably penetrating readings with "his orchestra."

DECCA'S new release of the Beethoven opera, *Fidelio,* is a critical puzzler. Orchestrally, it is splendid. Ferenc Fricsay and the Bavarian State Orchestra make music in a feeling and sophisticated manner—one that reveals the composer's dependence on the Mozart operatic style no less than it exposes some urbane aspects of his own personality that are perceivable in no other works. Irmgard Seefried and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau sing in their usual, nigh-irreproachable manner as Marcelline and Don Pizzaro. Gottlob Frick, who sings the role of Rocco, behaves for the most part with circumspection and obtains pretty good vocal results. But in the crucial part of Leonore, as sung by Leonie Rysanek, the listener is made miserable by wavery vocalism and distinctly unbeautiful sounds. Ernst Häfliger's Florestan is of only moderate quality, without much to recommend it on the score of attractiveness or musical conviction. And Friedrich Lenz, as Jaquino, sounds like an adolescent dragged in, startled, from the sidewalk. To further complicate matters, the spoken dialogue, which gives *Fidelio* its continuity and, at the same time, its other-worldly, antique flavor, is handled by a separate cast of characters who mutter and whisper portentously in a style that European radio stations sometimes imagine is dramatic. What is one to make of a mélange like this? From the orchestral point of view, so much is good; vocally; too much is just passable. (DXH-147 2 discs)

Another Decca issue, this one thoroughly successful, is a three-disc album linking Bruckner's *Symphony No. 4 ("Romantic")* with his *Symphony No. 7.* (DXE-146) Eugen Jochum conducts them both, employing respectively the Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio and the Berlin Philharmonic. His approach is unhurried, well-meditated and subtle. The Fourth Symphony's evanescent, elegiac moods are evoked with careful attention to each note and lingering pause; the elevated statements of the Seventh are made to sing out with full voice and yet maintain their sense of sobriety at every moment. I think Bruckner fans will find these readings both convincing and spiritually satisfying.

Leopold Ludwig's performance of the Mahler *Symphony No. 4* (Decca: DL-9944) with the Saxon State Orchestra of Dresden is less compelling. His orchestra sounds a bit scrawny; the basses tend to bumble and the horns to blurt; and the conductor's interpretive ideas seem not only labored, but lacking in elegance. Anny Schlemm is an adequate, but hardly exciting soprano soloist in the symphony's final movement.

LETTER from PARIS

Elliott Stein

A MINOR PLAY, *La Reine de Cesarée* (The Queen of Caesarea), by Robert Brasillach, opened at the Theatre des Arts, November 18, in the midst of street brawls so tumultuous that several critics had to punch their way into the theatre. In one evening, it brought back to violent life the conflicts and confusions of the Liberation. The issues its performance created, or seemed to create, were commented upon at great length in Parisian newspapers for weeks, France's chief philosopher contributed a propaganda article which merely helped confuse minds, and the play itself has only now folded its baneful tent.

Brasillach, who was executed in 1945 at the age of 35, for "assistance to the enemy," worked during the 1930s for *L'Action Francaise,* (the leading French pre-war monarchist-fascist newspaper) and in 1938 became editor of the rabidly anti-Semitic *Je Suis Partout.* At the outbreak of war he was mobilized, then taken prisoner; he was released from a German prison camp in 1941 and given back his old job on *Je Suis Partout* for which he wrote scores of pro-Nazi pieces during the occupation.

At his trial, Brasillach was defended by Jacques Isorni, who was later to defend Pétain, and is at present one of the leaders of the *Indépendant* party in the Assembly. Brasillach stated in his defense that his politics were motivated by principles which had been his before the war, and which were in line with a certain French tradition that one might reject, but which had existed well before Hitler—he himself had merely acted out of love for France. When ac-

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cused of systematically attacking Hitler's enemies, he answered that he had acted with moderation, and had never gone so far as some of his Anglophobe colleagues who had claimed that Shakespeare was a Jew. "I never yielded to these errors," he remarked.

While in captivity in Germany, Brasillach wrote *La Reine de Cesarée,* based on Racine's *Bérénice,* which he dedicated to an actress friend, Alice Cocéa. In 1942, he gave her all the rights to the tragedy, which according to Mme. Cocéa could not be performed during the occupation because it was "too pro-Semitic."

AT THE *générale* (seats by invitation) last November, when the play was performed for the first time in France, critics and guests met with a crowd of 400 demonstrators led by the Socialist deputy Daniel Mayer, Mme. Pierre Brossolette (widow of the Resistance hero) and a Dominican priest, Father Thierry, former chaplain in the Gaullist army. Copies of an issue of *Je Suis Partout* in which Brasillach had thanked Hitler for his kindness to France, were distributed. Fighting broke out, there were cries of "Forbid the play, hang the collaborators!" The mob charged the police, theatre windows were broken, flowers which admirers had brought to fling at Alice Cocéa were snatched away and deposited in front of neighborhood memorials to Resistance fighters. Aided by the police, the audience entered, though the vice-president of the Paris Municipal Council was smacked, Isorni was hit with a stick, and the curtain went up an hour late with fifty plainclothesmen in the theatre.

The following evening, at the first public performance, the play got no further than its opening line—"War is a beautiful thing." Screaming manifestants rose, including some venerable gentlemen with decorations who started singing "La Marseillaise." The actor, Raymond Hermantier, who has a very honorable war record and a hand permanently maimed by the Germans, raised his arms, shouting—"The theatre and politics are two different things. Listen to the play and judge it for yourselves!" He was answered by cries of —"The play is judged—we ban it!" Fighting went on inside the theatre for nearly an hour, shouts of "Dirty Jew" and "Filthy collaborator" were exchanged, and *both sides* cried "Liberty! Liberty!" and chanted "La Marseillaise." Half a dozen Black Marias arrived and the police cleared out the house. Mme. Cocéa, who had continued emoting during the riot, attempted to finish the play before the empty theatre, as a symbolic gesture, but the police chased her off the stage. The next day she stated to the press that it had all been the work of a jealous young actress, the mistress of a highly-placed person.

Several Resistance organizations sent a request to the Paris Municipal Council demanding that the play be banned and the Council adopted a motion "inviting" the Prefect of Police to close it. The prefect replied that he could not do so unless public order were again disturbed because it would mean instituting theatre censorship. The Minister of the Interior authorized the play's continuance under a system of "paid invitations," and performances resumed on November 27.

La Reine de Cesarée follows the general outlines of Racine's tragedy, in which the Emperor Titus and his mistress find the Empire opposed to their marriage because the Romans will not submit to the rule of a foreign queen. In Racine, Berenice, moved by the spectacle of her lover crushed between the equally strong claims of "reasons of state" and "reasons of the heart," consents to leave him. In *La Reine,* the motivation has been displaced and the theme is the loss of youth, the implacable passing of time. Berenice is eleven years older than Titus; he is still the energetic statesman, but she is a tired middle-aged woman. Brasillach's Paulin, a young "militant" Roman for whom the state is everything, is opposed to the marriage because he would maintain the "purity of Rome's imperial blood." Paulin's racial arguments carry no weight with the emperor, and for everyone in the play Paulin is merely an offensive young thug. The work as it was performed did not seem anti-Semitic; its title character, the Jewish queen, is noble and sympathetic, and if the play is successful theatre, it is because one finds her destiny affecting. On the other hand, in the original printed text, Brasillach somewhat sinuously tried to have it both ways—though Paulin is the only racist, and his anti-Semitic slurs make no headway, there were an uncomfortable number of them, and the author's views on the subject are well known. Most of these speeches were cut, as were almost as many references to Berenice's age—"That proud old woman" changed to "that proud woman," etc. If there was a politic in the scissoring, it was at least partly that of an actress who obviously cannot play juveniles any more, but didn't want the fact underscored.

AS performed, *La Reine* was interesting drama, often beautifully written, superior to most new plays seen here this season. There were two fine performances—Gil Vidal, one of the French screen's most accomplished *jeunes premiers,* as Paulin, and Mme. Cocéa herself, a tiny nervous actress whose style

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is a rather weird amalgam of Bankhead and Lillian Gish.

The Communist press sent no critics, did not review it, and demanded that the police shut the theatre. There were several enthusiastic reviews, scattered Left, Right and Center, and the *Figaro* offered two editorials in defense of the play. Robert Kemp in *Le Monde* called it "a distinguished tragedy, its prose of great musical purity." He added, "We should have been spared all this. Brasillach paid for his poisonous ideas—because he was a man of letters; he hadn't built impregnable ocean walls. Others are still spending their war profits." (The "ocean walls" snipe was a scarcely-veiled reference to André Morice, Guy Mollet's Defense Minister, against whom the *Express* led a campaign a few months ago when it was revealed that he owned one of the construction companies which had built the Atlantic Wall for the Germans.)

François Mauriac declared that "vengeance disguised as justice is the most horrible grimace of all. If Brasillach had disappeared after the war, his friends might now get him elected to the *Académie Française.*" (The next election at the *Académie Française* will probably result in the admission, not of André Malraux, as many had hoped, but of the reactionary writer and diplomat, Paul Morand, who was Pétain's ambassador to Bucharest. Morand raced to Switzerland at the Liberation, and sat out the period of the post-war treason trials there, a lion of the Vichyssois *émigré* colony.)

SARTRE published a long polemic in the December 5 *Observateur* demanding that the play be banned. His article set off many sparks, here and abroad. When *"L'Affaire Brasillach"* was reported on in the liberal British press, it was with reference to the Sartre piece, assumed to be the final statement on the matter by the French Left, and a brilliant indictment of a shackled French stage. But it was actually one of the more illiberal affirmations that the affair had evoked.

Sartre's thesis was that banning the play would not restrict liberty, because liberty has vanished from the French theatre. "In all Paris theatres, those of the Right give plays for publics of the Right. No liberty for the enemies of liberty!" The enemies of liberty are those who support *La Reine* as part of a fascist plot to dupe the Left. These same elements, according to Sartre, were responsible for the creation of a fear psychosis in press and government which resulted in the suppression of Jean Genet's new play *Le Balcon,* a work based on no political conception, but which Sartre claimed would be immoral for those who found nothing shocking in *La Reine.* He concluded—"True liberty of the theatre will exist only when the theatre has been snatched from the hands of the *bourgeoisie* and is given to all."

Sartre's conclusions would be questionable, even if the case he presented were unshakable. But a glance at what *is* being performed here fails to disclose that "in all Paris theatres, those of the Right give plays for publics of the Right." One discovers almost the opposite, and what one certainly does *not* discover is a situation which would validate theatre censorship in the name of justice—to Right or Left.

Excluding the national theatres (classical repertory) and musicals, there were thirty-five plays on in Paris, the first week of February. Of these, eighteen are *comédies de boulevard,* of little or no intellectual content, and seven are classics—Shakespeare, Molière, Strindberg, etc. That leaves ten, including *The Caine Mutiny;* two Ionesco comedies; *La Reine de Cesarée; Uncle Otto,* a farce satirizing the German denazification program; a play about a Spanish Republican hero; a revival of Gabriel Arout's *Lieutenant Helt's Party,* whose protagonist, a British officer stationed in Israel after the last war, chooses to commit suicide rather than follow orders to execute a Jewish terrorist; a French translation of a German anti-militarist play; Marguerite Jamois' production of *The Diary of Anne Frank,* which has won several prizes, is the biggest hit of the season, is sold out every night and will probably run for years. And two plays opened last week—*both* with subsidies by the French Government: a production of Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle,* which arrived here after a successful tour of the provinces and was hailed by all of the critics, and *Paolo Paoli,* a new work by Brecht's foremost French disciple, Arthur Adamov. *Paolo Paoli* is a violently anti-clerical, anti-bourgeois piece of *théâtre engagé,* which got lengthy attention in all of the papers, and was even found "extremely interesting" by the critic for *Paris Presse* (the Paris equivalent of the New York *Journal-American*). And in March there are to be *two* Paris productions of the grandfather of all modern French anti-bourgeois plays, Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi.*

"No liberty for the enemies of liberty." If men like Camus and Mauriac have more authority in France today than Sartre, it is because, unlike him, they are never prisoners of their own rhetoric, or uniquely concerned with political efficiency for its own sake. The real *coup de grace,* however, to Sartre's tract was the announcement a few days ago that Peter Brook, the English director, had arrived in Paris to stage Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge,* and Genet's *Le Balcon.* The original production of *Le Balcon* was canceled because the producer reneged at the idea of putting on a non-conformist play in a large theatre. Brook and Marie Bell, who is to star in it, have faith in Genet's work, and have stuck to their guns; it will be put on at the Antoine Theatre, as planned.

P. S. In the January 14 *New Yorker,* Janet Flanner stated that the production of *Le Balcon* had been canceled out of fear of demonstrations "because of the pro-Nazi overtones in Genet's novel *Pompes Funebres.*" Nothing could be further from the truth. The play has been unanimously defended in the French liberal press, unanimously attacked in the neo-fascist press. Several of Genet's plays have been performed in Paris since the war, and no demonstration has ever occurred.

To the Painter Paul Klee

As I sought in the corridors of my yesterdays
For a boy lost there,
You came and showed me once again
The doll eyed creatures in the grass
And the suns and moons shining like orchids.

He came to me there. And raising his hand
(As if in greeting)
Blessed me with the peace
Of the past, winnowed to a gold grain.

You, alchemist,
Made that hour gay as the grasshopper
In the sun, in a field of morning.

HYAM PLUTZIK

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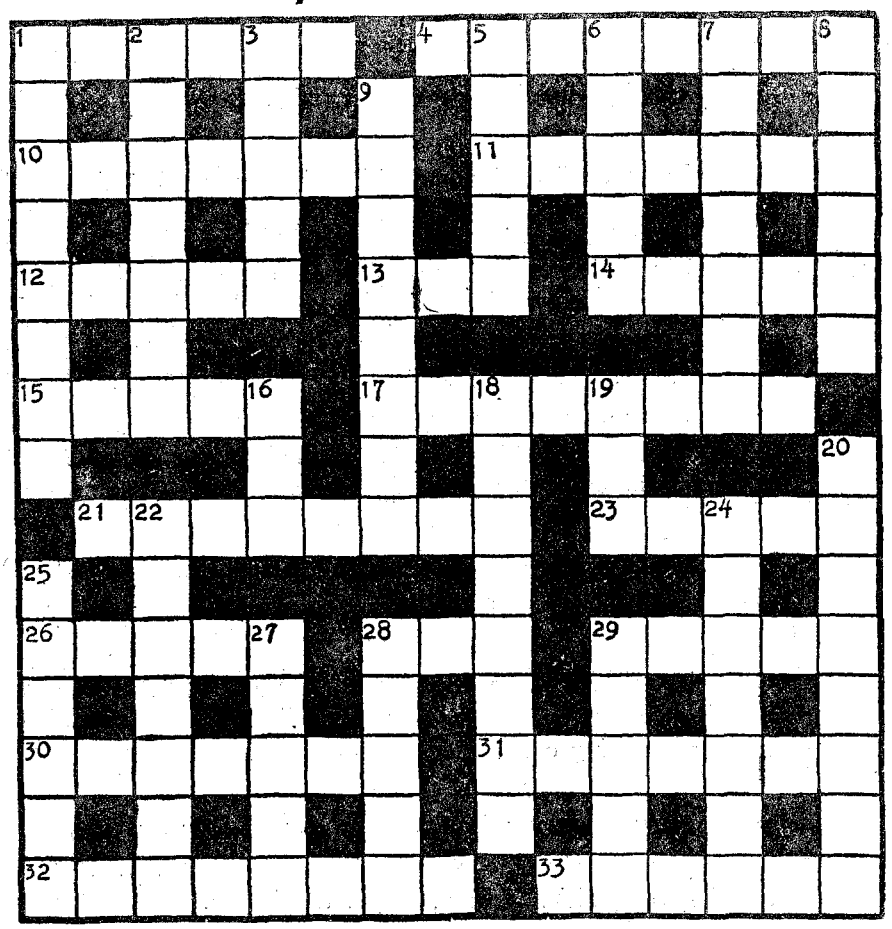
Crossword Puzzle No. 761

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 19 down.
4 Sounds as though the British race is even more likely to be at your throat. (5, 3)
10 Are not present in open space. (7)
11 Older teachers were more likely to have received such a wad. (7)
12 A guide to beef selection? (5)
13 See 30 across.
14 and 16 down Evidently the pipes aren't functioning properly, but when full it used to speed things up. (8)
15 In the vernacular, a beefed-up shake with a place having cross associations. (5)
17 Chopped material cast off, or just stored there? (8)
21 Replayed badly, and discussed the terms of the contest. (8)
23 Health slogan to suit almost anyone! (5)
26 The ultimate course of 12, possibly. (5)
28 Starting command, or just voicing surprise? (3)
29 Vessel found in the region of the lumbar, generally. (5)
30 and13 A stout woman does when reducing, but she wouldn't want to be compared with one. (10)
31 Disturbance or chest condition implying suitability for light work. (7)
32 Not the main attraction, but it shows the teams the way to make out. (8)
33 Possibly beaten down and mashed. (6)

DOWN:

1 They might be overlooked even by the most curious. (8)
2 See 24 down.
3 and 29 down Brother Lew slept here, but it doesn't sound like superior breeding. (5, 5)
5 Put on short rations, possibly. (5)
6 Made from old ropes. (5)
7 Four or five more in England than America. (7)
8 Silent way to get support. (6)
9 Incidentally, this might be the location of a Guest House. (2, 3, 3)
16 See 14 across.
18 Miscellany, perhaps. (8)
19 and 1 across The accumulated listing of U-boats is only part of the tally! (9)
20 It is emphasized that what is brought up as a matter of course should be after 26. (8)
22 Such a date pad could be made to fit something! (7)
24, 2 down and 27 down Never send to know it? (Both fellows roll them!) (3, 4, 3, 4, 5)
25 Such families seem to be set up around a good sort of 26. (6)
27 See 24 down.
28 Verve is nothing more than a breath of wind! (5)
29 See 3 down.

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